Hotſp. My liege, I did denie no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreme toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home,
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and took't away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there:
Tooke it in ſuffe, and ſtill he ſmild and talkt:
And as the ſouldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie:
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes
He queſtioned me, amongſt the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtred with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweete,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruiſe,
And that it was great pitie, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeeter, ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyed
So cowardly, and but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelfe haue bene a ſouldiour.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation
Betwixt my loue and your high maieſtie.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my lord,
What e're *Harry Percy* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and neuer riſe
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why yet he doth denie his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh Mortimer,
Who on my ſoule, hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt that great Magician, damned Glendower,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of March
Hath lately married; ſhall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues?
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſtar ue:
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt
To ranſome home reuolted Mortimer.
Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my ſoueraigne liege,
But by the chance of war: to proue that true
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuerns ſiedgie banke,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower,
Three times they breathd, & three times did they dri
Vpon agreement of ſwift Seuerns ſloud,
Who then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,